

Why do I Fight?

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Summary: Roman AU HiJack smut inspired by a wonderful drawing from DA that I can't link cause FF is stupid...that pretty much says it all, don't like it don't read it!

Why do I Fight?

\*\*Been fighting some major writer's block with "guardian" so I decided to write a little smut just for fun, and I'm pretty happy with the way it turned out! Anyway, hope you enjoy, time to go see if I can force this next chapter into place ^\*\*\*

Jack's feet dragged along the ground as he slowly trudged through throngs of people before him, many stopped and bowed or clapped him on the back with a congratulatory word. Each step brought a fresh ache to his weary muscles, the thick armor he wore weighed him down like a shell of stone and he could feel his heartbeat at the base of his skull. A messenger came running up to him and it took Jack a moment to decipher what the man was saying, his ears still rung with the sound of swords bouncing off armor, maces caving in helms, and the shrieking tumult of men at war.

"General Frost." The messenger said with a bow, "The Emperor sends his greetings."

"And?" Jack said impatiently, he was far too tired to play the political game.

"And he would like a report on the condition of the line."

"You can tell Lunar that 'the condition' is it will hold, Pitchiner's forces won't be getting through my lines any time soon. Also tell him that we still need the siege weapons before we can even think of a counter attack."

The messenger bowed and hurried away with a quick "Of course my

lord." Jack continued on the excruciatingly long walk back to his command tent, each stop awakening a new complaint from his battered body. Finally the bright white fabric of his tent came into view, its gold trim shimmering in the late afternoon light and Jack could have cried from relief. As he approached his second in command, a young man by the name of Jamie, approached.

"General, another flawless victory. As far as we can tell the enemy suffered over 800 casualties while we only lost 140, and one of the scouts reported-"

"I will be in my tent, no disturbances, period." Jack said as he walked past, he was in no mood to do anything but sleep.

"But sir, what if the enemy makes a move, what if you are needed, what it-"

"No disturbances." Jack said, his eyes glaring an unspoken threat as he walked through the flaps that served as a door to the spacious tent. The fabric had barely swung shut behind him before the breath was knocked from his lungs as a pair of lean arms wrapped around his chest like a vice, he grinned as auburn hair tickled his nose.

"Thank Juipter you're alright." Said the figure, the words slightly muffled by Jack's shoulder.

"Of course I'm alright Hiccup, you were worried?" Jack said as a fond smile graced his weary features. Planting a kiss on Hiccup's head Jack drew in a deep breath, the familiar scent flooding his nose sent a sense of comfort and safety flooding through him. He finally started to relax, the tension he had held since early that morning melting in light of the warm body he held pressed against his own; here he was safe, here he was home.

"Of course I was worried!" came the exclamation from around his collar bone "You were fighting in a battle! Just because you think your immortal doesn't mean you are! One of these days y-" Jack knew Hiccup well, they'd spent a growing portion of every day together since the general had chosen the snarky young man as his personal servant three years ago, so he knew the brunette was working himself into a rant, a rant which Jack was far too tired to defuse at the present.

Pulling back slightly Jack brought his had up, brushing it against the ropey muscles of Hiccup's bare chest, and caught the shorter man under the chin. Tilting Hiccup's head back Jack took half a second to look into the other's bright green eyes before closing his eyes and pressing their lips together. Hiccup stiffened and Jack could practically feel the brunette debating whether or not to let the discussion drop, but after a moment he relaxed and returned the kiss enthusiastically. He held the kiss for a moment before pulling away and looking up at Jack with those bright green eyes, a reluctant smile pulling at the corners of his mouth.

Jack rested his forehead against the brunette's, his mouth still nearly touching the other "How about you yell at me later?"

"I suppose that works, don't think you've gotten out of it though." Hiccup let out single chuckle before lunging forward and then Jack's

lips were far too busy to respond. Hiccup's hand's snaked their way around Jack's neck until he was practically hugging the taller man's throat. Jack felt a tongue slip into his mouth, brushing against his own in a playful manner and he responded in kind, the two battling for dominance; Finally Jack won out and spent several long moment's enjoying his victory, Hiccup's tongue dancing around his coyly.

Suddenly Hiccup withdrew, Jack letting out a disgruntled noise at his sudden absence. Pulling back so just his hands were wrapped around Jack's neck Hiccup led the white haired general farther into the tent. With a start Jack realized Hiccup was wearing his favorite outfit, which the general had given him as a gift two years ago, and with a broadening grin he stepped back to admire the sight. The dark red outfit with its golden trim was sparse to say the least, its main component being the lower robe, split partially up the middle to allow for easier movement. Two golden cuffs hugged his wrists; ribbons of red fabric winding up his muscled arms to connect with the golden collar emblazoned with Jack's personal crest locked around his neck before doubling back, the fabric hanging between the brunette's back and wrists like wings. Jack hated the collar, but it was the custom for personal servants and there was little he could do about it; and with this particular outfit it looked more like ornament then the mark of ownership that it was. The rest of the brunette was left bare, his muscular chest, born of hours spent working bellows and swinging hammers in a forge, was there for Jack's viewing pleasure.

"You're wearing my outfit." Jack stated. "What's the special occasion?" Jack asked coyly, one eyebrow cocked.

Hiccup closed the space between them with one step and kissed Jack swiftly "You're safe." He said, drawing one hand down Jack's chest and across his stomach to linger just above his crotch for just a moment; his words were with an amused undertone, but his eyes betrayed just how worried he'd been. Before Jack could offer a response Hiccup grabbed Jack's hand and, turning on his heel, practically dragged the latter man over toward the blush bed set in one corner of the large pavilion. Hiccup wasted no time in divesting Jack of the heavy armor he wore, practiced hands unfastening clasps and buckles with a speed born of years of practice. The brunette took every opportunity to run his hands along each new area he uncovered, the thin arming shirt and a breeches leaving little to the imagination, not that it mattered to Hiccup, he knew every inch of the man before him by heart.

As the finale greave came free and was placed aside Hiccup stood, letting his hand run across Jack's crotch where a steady heat had been building throughout the whole process and gave a squeeze, giving Jack appreciative look as he slowly rubbed his palm against the thin fabric. Jack let out a low growl and grabbed the brunette, slamming their lips together in a hungry kiss, tilting Hiccup's head back to deepen the kiss. Without really realizing how Jack found himself lying on the bed, the smaller man pinned under him as they kissed passionately. Pulling away Jack started kissing his way along Hiccup's jawline, down his neck and along his collar-bone. The tiny gasps and moans Hiccup made just egged Jack on as he continued down, his tongue leaving a slick trail down Hiccup's chest, stopping briefly to play with his hard nipple and drawing several more wonderful noises from the smaller man, before coming to rest just

below his abs. Jack's fingers had just made their way to the tie of Hiccup's robe when his world suddenly inverted, his head giving a rather unpleasant lurch in the process, and suddenly he was lying on his back, Hiccup looking down at him with a triumphed grin on his face.

"Not bad," Jack said, with a grin "but don't get to comfy, you never kn—" Jack tried to reverse their positions himself but his tired limbs failed him and after a second of rather embracing struggling he lay back down with a sigh "alright, you win-this time."

"Hmmm," Hiccup said, leaning in close to Jack's face and licking his lips in an all too seductive and completely unfair way. "So what do I win?" with that he leaned forward and started kissing, nipping, and sucking at Jack's neck.

Jack leaned his head back and let out a sigh. "Whatâ€¦whatever you want."

Hiccup let out a little chuckle at that. "Carful now bellator." He said suggestively as he made his way down Jack's body, leaving a trail of kisses and nips the whole way. "Remember what happened the time you let your pants get ahead of your head."

Jack did indeed remember that night, very well in fact. "Are you trying to deter me? If so you are doing a very poor job of it." Hiccup just laughed at Jack's comment, and again at his gasp as, in one swift motion, the brunette removed Jack's breeches, exposing is stiff member to the cool air. Slowly Hiccup kissed his way down Jack's inner thigh and up his other, careful not to touch Jack's increasingly hard dick. He continued in that manner for a long time, getting ever closer without ever actually touching Jack until the general practically whining. Gods how he hated just how easily Hiccup could get him riled up like thisâ€¦and how he loved it. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Hiccup looked up at Jack who gave the brunette a looks that could only be described as pleading. With a satisfied smirk and a wink Hiccup dropped his head, enveloping all of Jack in slick warmth in one fluid motion.

Jack gasped as he felt Hiccup swallow him, felt the brunette's nose brush against his crotch as his tongue slid around his throbbing dick. Slowly Hiccup drew back until just the head remained between his lips, his tongue dancing around it in ways that made Jack squirm, his finger's digging into the plush mattress. With a chuckle that sent pleasant vibrations down Jack's cock Hiccup started bobbing his head in a rhythmic motion, each stroke bringing Jack closer and closer to the edge. Jack's placed his hand of Hiccup's head, his fingers knotting into dark brown hair, his breaths coming faster and shallower. "Ah, Hicc-nhg-Hic I'm-oh-I'm" Jack could barely speak as he felt himself nearly at the edge, his stomach knotting in anticipation, his dick almost painfully hard.

He was so close, his entire body tensing now, just a couple more second andâ€¦Hiccup pulled up letting Jack's cock fall against the shocked general's thigh as he swiftly moved up and whispered into his ear "Not yet." Jack was still breathing hard as he fumbled for a response. He wasn't given the chance however as a pair of lips were suddenly pressed against his own which effectively silenced him. The kiss seemed distracted, and Jack realized why as he felt Hiccup shifting above him and heard the faint clinking of glass. He gasped

into the kiss as he felt Hiccup's hand stoking his still throbbing member, smearing a slick, and slightly cold, oil all along it. When Hiccup finally released his lips Jack opened his eyes to find the brunette's robe had somehow vanished during their kiss, his own erection standing tall and proud as he straddled Jack's abdomen. Pulling Jack up into a partial sitting position Hiccup continued to kiss him, one hand cupped behind Jack's neck even as the other positioned Jack at the brunette's slick entrance. Hiccup grunted into the kiss as he slowly lowered himself onto Jack's dick, enveloping him in his wonderful warmth.

Hiccup gave a small moan as Jack slid all the way in, the brunette holding himself perfectly still as he adjusted to the member now inside him. Hiccup pulled away from the kiss as he slowly started moving up and down, looking at him through half lidded eyes Jack saw his face scrunched with discomfort even as his mouth opened in a soundless moan. Slowly his expression shifted to one of pleasure and he increased his pace until he was bouncing against Jack's groin, Jack joined in then thrusting in time, each thrust drawing a wonderful little gasp from the lips that were once again pressed against his own. Jack wasn't exactly sure how it happened, his mind sufficiently occupied by other thing, but he found himself in sitting position, Hiccup sitting on his lap with his legs wrapped around Jack's waist, the hips moving in rhythm. At particularly hard thrust Hiccup broke the kiss, throwing his head back with a moan and Jack grinned, every thrust after that aiming for that same spot.

Hiccup buried his face in Jack's neck, biting into Jack's shoulder as the white haired general slammed into his prostate over and over again, every thrust sending sparks down the brunette's spine and causing starts to burst behind his eyelids, he wouldn't last much longer at this rate. Jack could feel Hiccup tensing even as he himself was getting closer and closer each time he slid in and out of the man on his lap. Hiccup was moaning his name between gasps as jack continued to hammer into him, each thrust hitting its mark dead on. "Oh-ah-Ja-ah-JACK!" Hiccup shouted as he arched his back and threw his head back as he came, his hard member painting both their chests with a sticky glaze.

The feeling of Hiccup clenching around him as he came was nearly too much for Jack and after a few more seconds of frantic thrusts he too came, every nerve in his body proclaiming together as he emptied himself into the man still riding out his own orgasm above him. With one finale gasp Jack fall back against the bed, Hiccup clasping against him, the brunette winced as Jack slide out of him with a small \*pop\*. They both lay there for several minutes, breathing hard, sweat covering most of their body. If Jack was tired before, he was not completely exhausted, he doubted if he could muster the energy to roll over even if Hiccup weren't collapsed on his chest.

After a long while Hiccup pushed himself up, walking slightly gingerly, and made his way over to a stand where several linen cloths were neatly folded. Grabbing on he tossed it to Jack, it landed near his leg where it remained, and proceeded to clean himself up, wiping clean his chest, stomach, and rear. When he returned to the bed he started at Jack and the towel, his gaze moving between the two until Jack game a feeble attempt to lift his arm, to which Hiccup rolled his eyes and proceeded to clean Jack as well. After they were both once again presentable Hiccup climbed into the bed and pulled the blanket over them both, resting his head on Jack's chest as he did

so.

"So," Jack said, finally breaking the comfortable silence, "can I look forward to that every time I come back?"

"As long as you keep coming back." Hiccup said as he snuggled closer to Jack who wrapped his arms around the smaller man.

"It's a deal." They sunk into another silence, Jack's hand rubbing small circles around Hiccup's back even as Hiccup did the same with his chest as the last rays of the sun filtering through the material of the tent faded to darkness.

"Why do you go out there?" Hiccup's voice sounded from the darkness.

"What do you mean?" Jack asked, looking down at the outline of the brunette, just visible in what little light filtered through the tent from the moon.

"I mean, you don't like it, despite what so many people seem to think, you don't enjoy fighting. So why do you?"

"Why do I fight?"

"Yes."

"I fight because it is my duty." Jack said simply, knowing the answer would not satisfy his love. He was surprised then when Hiccup merely shook his head and pulled himself closer to Jack.

"Goodnight Jack."

"Goodnight Cor Meum, I love you."

"I love you too, bellator." Hiccup smiled at the pet name.

Hiccup soon fell asleep, his breathing slowing to a peaceful rhythmic pace. Jack lay awake, as he knew he would, he couldn't sleep, couldn't close his eyes. If he did he knew the faces would be there, staring at him, accusing him, asking him why, and he knew he would have no answer, there was no answer. Taking a deep breath Jack looked down at the sleeping form of his love lying next to him, brunette head still resting on his chest, and gave a small smile as he lifted a hand and brushed a strand of hair from Hiccup's face.

"Why do I fight?" Jack parroted Hiccup's question from earlier, his voice just barely more than a whisper, "I fight for you."

\*\*There you are, hope you enjoyed^^ If you did, or even if you didn't, leave a review and tell me! I love all you're geedback!\*\*

End  
file.